Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders sir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replyes are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guildensterne and Rosencraus.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros.